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## CONSTANCY AND CONSISTENCY.

No one affects to misapprehend the distinction between firmness and obstinacy. The former is recognised as the virtue of a great mind; the latter as the vice of a little one. The former proceeds from Resolve, that 'column of true majesty,' as Young finely says, which is founded upon reason; while the latter is a dogged adherence to a particular course, entered upon without conviction, and persisted in without reflection.

But the distinction between Constancy and Consistency, though really as well-marked, has attracted considerably less attention. A man may be constant, yet inconsistent; and consistent, yet inconstant. He may advocate, for instance, a particular measure which he supposes to be conducive to the interests of society; yet if he continues that advocacy after circumstances have changed, so as to render the line of conduct unadvisable, though true to the measure, he is false to his principles. Nothing can be more obvious than this fact when enunciated; and yet nothing is less likely to suggest itself spontaneously. When a statesman changes his opinion of a public measure, he is straightway complimented with the name of apostate. No one thinks of inquiring *why* he has changed his opinion, or whether the circumstance involves a change of principles. He has deserted the cause; he has betrayed his friends; he has gone over to the enemy. What is the cause? A certain political question, or the good of the country for which that question was originally agitated? Who are his friends and enemies? Certain noble and honourable individuals, or those who entertain right and wrong views of the national affairs? It may be that the charge is correct, that the deserter is really a traitor and a coward; or it may be quite the reverse, that he is a hero and a martyr—the outcry is the same.

What we would wish to see in such a case as the above, is a little impartial investigation of circumstances. When a statesman startles the country with a new confession of faith, let him be judged by the circumstances and the motive by which he is likely to be influenced. For example, when a man of education and experience of the world stands up in his place in parliament, and tells us that, till within the last three weeks, he never recognised the truth of Adam Smith's theory of trade, there is the greatest reason to doubt his veracity. And when we find that he proclaims this new opinion with the view of supporting, or of being supported by a party, the doubt assumes almost the character of certainty, all his representations to the contrary notwithstanding. When, however, the announcement is made under no prospect of individual or party gain, but apparently in all singleness of heart, honour instead of disgrace ought to be his portion. The acknowledgment of error is noble, even though it lower a reputation

for judgment. Better confess to having been a fool, than, from a sham consistency, live the life of a knave.

The real matter, then, for the moralist to complain of, is an invariable condemnation of change in sentiment. It should be remembered that movement is the natural state of the human mind, and that this, beyond all others, is the age of progress. In every new stage of life we abjure the sentiments of the previous one as illusions. The boy is as different in his ideas from the child, and the youth from the boy, and the man from the youth, as the wrinkles of age are different from the smooth skin of infancy. But in the midst of all this change, this metamorphosis of the very stuff of which the mind is made, we expect a man to be constant to some political or social dogma which he once entertained. Nay, the oddity is, we expect him to be constant to *hereditary* dogmas. It is a bitter reproach to say of his sentiments that they are different from those entertained by his family and ancestors. Even in matters of taste and custom, he is expected to be 'consistent.' 'I have seen the day,' mutters one shaking his head at a parvenu, 'when he was glad enough to eat out of a wooden spoon!' It is criminal, it appears, for the man, now that he is rich, to prefer a silver one. It may be that, since the family opinions were formed, a new condition of things has arisen which renders them—wise and proper though they might have been in their day and generation—unwise and improper now: but this is no excuse for the deserter of his family dogmas. It may be that the parvenu had been accustomed to the comparative luxuries of his new fortunes till they became necessities to him. But this is no excuse for the contemner of wooden spoons. If we hint that the opinions of the one and the tastes of the other are both consistent in principle, that they are both the result of existing circumstances, and both consonant with reason and nature, the insensate clamour only becomes the louder.

We may be told, however, that all this is soon at an end; that a single generation is enough to establish the new tastes and sentiments as securely as the ancestral ones. This is the very thing of which we complain. We desire no liberty for ourselves that we would not transmit to our posterity. We demand that men's words and actions should be measured by principles, not prejudices; that the inquiry should be, not whether they adhere to any particular dogma, but whether they exercise their judgment to the best of their ability. When we adhere to old sentiments, it should not be because they are old, but because they are conducive to the interests of the present race of mankind. And there are plenty of such ancient novelties, such new antiquities. There are sentiments that never grow old, that are never inapplicable. There are rules, both of public and private virtue, which are instinctive in all noble natures:

and as regards them, and them alone, is constancy a duty and a grace.

In order to know whether constancy merits the praise of consistency, it is necessary to examine the foundation on which it rests. We hear much, for instance, both in history and romance, of the fidelity of dependents to their chiefs. This sentiment rests upon reciprocity of services. The lord protects, and the vassal defends. The one leans upon the other; and a change in their relative positions can only take place through tyranny on the one hand, or treachery on the other. Let us suppose that the master is kind, and the servant grateful; that the attachment of the latter is bravely manifested through good and evil fortune, and that at length he seals his fidelity with his blood. Let us again suppose that the moral compact is broken by the lord; that he is cruel and tyrannical to his people, and ready on all occasions to sacrifice them to his selfishness; but that the vassal still loves on, still prides himself on his hereditary fidelity, and still gives up his life for his master. In these two cases the constancy is very different. In the one, it is the virtue of a man; in the other, the instinct of a cur. But neither history nor romance makes any distinction. It is constancy—therefore it is consistency. Such is the tyranny of names; so true it is that words are esteemed as things!

Another great quality of romance, and occasionally touched upon by history, is constancy in love. Devotion, or devotedness, which is the name it receives in fiction, is more especially attributed to women; and it is impossible to read without a smile the absurdities that are gravely put forth with this title as the very sublime of feminine virtue. A woman must be faithful in her affection even when the qualities that awakened it have disappeared. When she has discovered that it is no living and breathing man she has loved, but a phantom of her own imagination, she must still love on. She must be constant to the physical being after his identity with the ideal one has disappeared; and she must testify her faith in this kind of materialism by the sacrifice of wealth, station, life itself. Even indifference on the part of her hero must work no change in this marvellous constancy; and she must be reconciled to die, by the hope that the catastrophe may induce him to think of her when dead whom he had neglected when living.

'Remember me—oh! pass not thou my grave  
Without one thought whose relics there recline;  
The only pang my bosom dares not brave,  
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear:  
Grief for the dead not virtue can reprove;  
Then give me all I ever asked—a tear;  
The first—last—sole reward of so much love!"

One would think that romances of this kind were the exclusive production of the male sex, who concocted the absurdities for their own special benefit; but it is not so. Women, still more frequently than men, desecrate in their writings a passion which, unless founded on reason, can only rank with the grosser instincts of our nature. Such devotion is called sentimental; but it is really material. Such constancy is called consistency; but it is entirely the opposite.

In thus distinguishing constancy from consistency, we must not be supposed to forget that there are both natural and conventional laws which control—and ought to control—the dictates of abstract reason. To the former belong the parental and filial instincts, and to the latter the tie of marriage. The devotion of children

to their parents, and of parents to their children, is not reflective, but involuntary. It makes no calculations; it has no regard to expediency; it enters into no bargain of love for love. It pants indeed for a return of its own feelings, but this is not necessary to its nourishment. And wisely is it so ordered; for on family love are based all the noblest virtues of social life. As for marriage, it is one of those natural ordinances which society, for its own sake, respects. Even when affection does not consolidate the bond, this is effected by a community of interest; and the parties bear with each other's faults as much from a spirit of selfishness as of generosity.

If we look back only a score of years, what mad 'inconsistency,' in the popular sense of the term, do we find imbuing the whole mass of society! How many old dogmas have become obsolete! and how many new ones have taken their place! The most sacred theories of government, the most universally recognised laws of political economy, the most ancient customs of social life—all have been broken in pieces, and cast anew in a mould which would have amazed the best intellects of the last generation. Yet the age is consistent, for all its inconstancy. It is pressing forward, however unconsciously, to a determinate goal, and its changes are but so many relays on the road, to expedite the journey. Let us all help on the movement, but calmly and wisely. Let us not be satisfied with words, without inquiring into their meaning. Let us bethink ourselves that, as no sane man will judge of a sentence in a book without comparing it with the context, so no earnest searcher after truth will be satisfied with insulated facts without examining their general bearing and coherency. We shall thus be able to assist, each in his own sphere, in all desirable progress, and at the same time avoid lending ourselves to that idle clamour which, in a few years hence, will be looked back upon with the surprise and pity we now bestow upon the delusions of the past.

#### NATURAL SANITARY AGENCIES.

At this period, when the sanitary question is by slow degrees assuming the station of importance to which it has a just title, and from which nothing but the most obstinate unbelief has kept it back, the above subject claims for itself no small degree of interest. The truth, impressed by man's great preceptress in her handiwork, is, that all organised material, after accomplishing the object of its existence, and perishing, must be immediately removed, or so disposed of as to render the inevitable consequences of its putridity innocuous to the surviving races of animated beings. Such is the simple truth, to which only man, in his indolent indifference, has offered so long and so stout a resistance; a truth which nature has in vain endeavoured, from the beginning of creation to the present hour, by a series of the most interesting illustrations, to impress upon him. It is the design of the present paper to trace the methods by which she has endeavoured to enforce the lesson.

There are two classes of agencies engaged upon the work of removing effete material. The first is a corps of natural scavengers; and a very efficient body it constitutes: and, in the second, the chemical affinities of bodies are called into operation, more particularly those of the atmosphere. We shall deal with the zoological scavengers in the first instance. It is a subject of familiar remark, that rarely, if ever—the shrew-mouse is, we believe, the only exception—do we meet with the dead carcase of a wild animal. Animals are endowed with a peculiar instinct upon the approach of dissolution, which,

thus regarded, has an especial interest. Into the dens and caves of the earth, or into the deep recesses of the forest, or into some artificial retreat, far shut out from the busy world, the dying brute retires, and there breathes its last in solitude. Here the tissues which composed its body can rot, and putrefy, and become gaseous, and liquid, with injury to none, until, by the combined influence of time and weather, nothing remains but a mass of inodorous bones, which are soon themselves to crumble, and to form a portion of the soil upon which they rest. The large heaps of animal remains often found in caverns, have no doubt in a great measure their origin in the impulse of concealment antecedent to death. Where this law fails to act, it gives place to another, and a more rapidly effective one; or there may often be a combination of the two, the destruction of the elements being united to the labours of the true natural scavengers. These are the carrion-feeders.

The *Vulturidae*, among birds, have long enjoyed a high celebrity for the vigorous manner in which they apply themselves to this important task. Unless pressed by hunger, the vulture is stated by some naturalists to refuse to partake of untainted food; but when the putrefactive process has once commenced, it flies upon it with the utmost avidity, and gorges itself almost to suffocation. The assistance of these birds in the removal of noxious matter very naturally increases in importance with the nature of the climate in which they abound. The vulture, and its kin, would be in imminent risk of entire starvation in the gelid north, while almost daily dainties lie ready for them in the southern regions. Mr Swainson writes of them, that they are 'the great scavengers of nature in hot latitudes, where putrefaction is rapid, and most injurious to health; and the disposition of numbers is regulated by an All-wise Creator according to their needfulness. They are sparingly scattered in Europe; in Egypt they are more numerous; but in tropical America, although the species are fewer, the individuals are much more plentiful.' Travellers have on many occasions commemorated the activity of the operations of these birds in Egypt, more particularly in the large cities of that country, where they remove decomposing material of every sort, the carcasses of animals, and the debris of all kinds which the inhabitants, with a stupid confidence in their filth-consuming allies, cast forth into their streets. They have even come under the protection of the legislature, and laws are in force at the present hour which impose penalties upon any who shall be guilty of molesting or destroying the regular filth-tractors of the East. These birds, in order to adapt them more effectually to the task which nature has appointed for them, possess an astonishing faculty of receiving and conveying to one another the tidings of a far-off feast. Mr Darwin believes that their rapid congregation around their prey is to be accounted for by their possession of the senses both of sight and of smell in an extraordinary degree. All naturalists are not agreed upon the question, but none deny that it is little less than miraculous to observe the apparently instantaneous communication of the intelligence to the scattered members of this carrion family. Condors and vultures before altogether invisible seem to pounce down almost by magic upon their banquet. Mr Darwin conjectures, and the solution appears simple and natural, that it is to be attributed to their high-sounding habits; that thus out of the field of vision ordinarily swept by the eye of the spectator when walking or on horseback, aloft in the air the vulture may be floating, looking down with keen interest upon the earth beneath, and instantly dropping upon its quarry when it is perceived. This rapid stoop, he adds, is the signal to the rest, which then hasten to the field from the

remotest points of the horizon. When engaged actually upon the work, the vulture executes it in a very workmanlike style, not leaving the carcass for some days together, until it is completely stripped of its integuments, and nothing left but the skeleton with its connecting ligaments. On the plains of Africa, where the huge carcasses of the giant herbivora would lie to poison the surrounding atmosphere to an enormous extent, the scavenger is an immense bird of the vulture family, known as the *sociable vulture*, whose ferocity, activity, and appetite are commensurate with the arduousness of the labour which devolves upon it. Le Vaillant, the celebrated French traveller and naturalist, writes that he found upwards of six pounds of the flesh of a hippopotamus in the stomach of one, which, after a long and obstinate contest, he succeeded in killing.

That which the winged scavengers leave unconsumed, falls commonly to the share of the four-footed ones—the jackal and the wild dog. From time immemorial, these loathsome creatures have been regarded by the eastern nations, who neglected the lesson their example inculcated, as the benefactors of their communities. Mr Bell, in the 'History of British Quadrupeds,' is inclined to believe that the wild or half-wild dogs were the common scavengers of the camp of the Israelites—an office which their successors still hold among the cities of the East. 'Him that dieth in the fields shall the fowls of the air eat,' but 'him that dieth in the city shall the dogs eat,' was the awful curse which hung over some of the royal houses of the Israelites; and it seems to afford an indication of the respective functions of these two classes of labourers. Not less efficient is the shrieking jackal. It follows in the rear of the weary caravan, being certain of success when thirst, weariness, and disease have begun their work among the travellers.

The waters of the ocean, just as the wide extent of the air and earth, must likewise be preserved from contamination. A striking provision exists in a considerable number of instances for this end: it is the luminosity of dead fish. It is a mistake to believe this to be the result of putrefaction; on the contrary, a dead fish is only luminous until the putrefactive process commences, when the light disappears. It would seem probable that, very shortly after death, the gas known as phosphuretted hydrogen was produced on the surface of the body of the fish; but when, as a further step in decomposition, ammonia is evolved, the latter substance combines with the luminous gas, and the phosphorescence ceases. This appears to us the simplest solution of a phenomenon which has perplexed many philosophers. The light is the guide to the prey so long as it is most proper for consumption; after that it disappears. The scavengers of the great deep are its multitudinous inhabitants, which, from the voracious shark and his relatives downwards, to the smallest thing which traverses the waves, are all banded together in this common cause.

Nature has, however, an agent at hand, before which these sink into a comparative unimportance: it is the race of insects. Every one is familiar with the startling observation of Linnaeus, that three flies (*Musca vomitaria*) would devour a dead horse as quickly as would a lion! It is not beyond the truth. The whole tribe of flesh flies, from which our feelings turn with disgust, are, nevertheless, among the most eminent benefactors of mankind, more serviceable far than the gaudy flutterer or tintured butterfly in whose behalf our admiration is more generally and naturally enlisted. Wilcke, a Swedish naturalist, states, that so great is the productive capacity of a single species, that each insect can commit more ravages than could an elephant. A single female of the fly called the *Sarcophaga carnaria* will give birth to about twenty thousand young; and others are not wanting, the green flesh-fly particularly, to add their thousands in countless numbers to the mass of labourers. To these busy myriads is the work committed. In a few days the larvae of the flesh-fly attain their full growth, and before this time it has been proved, by weighing them, that they will devour so much food, and grow so rapidly in twenty-four hours, as to increase their weight nearly



two hundredfold! Thus an approximate estimate can be conceived of their value as sanitary agents. The carrion beetles rank next in consequence, and take the place of the flies in the consumption of the remainder. The great rove beetle does an incredible amount of work in this way, and will commit ravages upon meat left within its reach, which are not likely to pass from the memory of the housekeeper. Kirby and Spence inform us that there is a small cockroach which gets into the hut of the unfortunate Laplander, and will in one day annihilate all his stock of dried fish. It is a remarkable fact, that many kinds of perishable animal matter have a peculiar insect appropriated to them. Each to its own—a law which has a broader range in nature than that under which it is here contemplated—seems to be the commission by which these winged powers go forth to their labour. Next to these come the *termites*, the ant tribe; and their importance swells with the fervid nature of the climate. In tropical countries they almost supersede the other creatures in the work of destruction: they are consequently of a large size, are produced in vast multitudes, and possess a prodigious voracity. They will attack, in whole armies, the dead body of an animal, and in a surprisingly short space of time will denude it of every particle of muscular and adipose material, leaving behind only the ligaments and bones. There is in these labours an amusing succession of workmen, which is exceedingly curious. First come the skin-removers, then the sarcophagous insects, then the carrion beetles and ants, and these are followed finally by the smaller carrion insects—the *corynetes* and *nitidulæ*: when they have left off work, nothing remains to pollute the atmosphere. The *troglodæ* consume the cartilage. They were found by Ballas removing the last perishable substance from the dry carcase on the skeletons of animals which had perished in the arid deserts of Tartary. The desert, indeed, with its heaps of bones of men and animals bleaching in a burning sun, while it is a melancholy scene, yet exhibits to us, in a striking degree, the wonderful efficiency of the instruments which are in the hands of the Creator for the expurgation and wholesomeness of his creation. 'The shard-borne beetle, with its drowsy hum,' is the type of another class of insects which consume these excrementitious materials that might otherwise contaminate the air. In a moment a thousand shining insects will be seen busily devouring such matters, and depositing eggs for the future production of larvae which are likewise to feed upon them.

The strangest feature of our subject remains behind. It will be a surprise to most who peruse this paper, to be informed that there are *natural grave-diggers*—creatures which perform this remarkable office in obedience to a wonderful instinct which animates them. There are few of the marvels of nature that come upon us so unexpectedly as this. There are some tribes of beetles (the *Necrophori*, or burying beetles) which perform this task, the most familiar example of which is the *N. Vespillo*. Two or more commonly engage in the work. They select a proper spot for the sepulture of the body, generally as near to it as possible. The cavity is then dug, and the dead animal is, by dint of unwearied labour, laid in its tomb, and covered with soil; the beetles previously depositing their ova in the carcase. But the experiments of Gladitsch, who seems first to have commemorated them, are so enchanting, and exhibit the insects to us in such an amusing light, that we make no apology for quoting the results from a popular work on entomology, in which they are translated. His attention was first drawn by the discovery, that the dead bodies of moles which he had observed lying in the garden beds disappeared in a very mysterious and unaccountable manner. He determined to watch the corpse-stealers, and he found they were none other than the burying beetles we have mentioned. Having obtained four of them, he put some earth in a box, and covering it with a hand-glass, he laid two dead frogs upon it, and left the industrious beetles to their task. Two out of the four set themselves to the interment of one of the frogs, while the others occupied themselves, undertaker-like, with first running round and

round the dead body of the other, as if to get correct ideas of its dimensions. In the space of twelve hours one frog had altogether disappeared, and the soil was laid smoothly over him. A linnet was then laid upon the earth, and this was a severer duty by far; only two undertook it, a male and a female. After a little time, they quarrelled over their work, and the male drove the female away, and set to by himself. For five long hours the poor labourer continued his operations, digging a cavity close to the body of the bird. He then got out of it, and for a whole hour lay down by the bird, as if to rest. In a little time afterwards the linnet was dragged into the grave, and its body, which would only lie half in, was covered with a layer of soil, somewhat like a newly-made grave. In short, at the end of fifty days, the four beetles succeeded in burying twelve carcases: of these, four were frogs, three birds, two fish, one mole, two grasshoppers, and part of the entrails of a fish, and of the lungs of an ox.

The debris of the vegetable world, which is often as pestiferous, if not more so, than that of the animal creation, must likewise be removed; and this is the appointed task of insects. It was to be expected that these agents should exist in greatest vigour where the circumstance of climate produces most work; and this is what we find to be the case. No sooner does a giant tree lie prostrate on the earth, than it is at once the object of attack to myriads of insects. Ants, and the boring-beetles, begin the work, and are rapidly assisted from other quarters, until the mighty mass is reduced to a small heap of crumbling material, whose final destruction is accomplished by rain and weather. Travellers inform us that it is not uncommon to meet with whole villages which have been deserted by their inhabitants, having been almost swept from the face of the earth by the sole instrumentality of these insects, nothing remaining of the tenements which once formed the village. In two or three years' time there will be a thick wood grown up in its place; nor will a vestige of any structure, unless of stone, remain to indicate its former position. While, then, we can sympathise with the dolorous tales we hear about the destructive effects of the boring insects of the tropics, we should not forget that these are only minor evils compared with what would result were no such agency in operation.

Though the remainder of our subject deserves a better place than the end of a paper, it must be introduced here. The atmosphere being the hourly recipient of impurities of every kind, from a thousand ceaseless sources, it is necessary that means should be taken to guard against its too great contamination: and such means exist. From the accumulated population of our great cities, from the tens of thousands of our furnaces, from the vast masses of rotting, putrefying material our wasteful negligence allows to collect, and from innumerable other sources, there is a mass of noxious matter cast into the air which it is completely staggering to think of. This has all to be disposed of, to be rendered innocuous, and to be returned to the earth again. The principal impurities to be dealt with are sulphuretted hydrogen, sulphurous acid, carbonaceous particles, and a medley of substances known as organic matters. Atmospheric oxygen is the grand remedy for most of them. This wonderful gas, possessed of a range of affinities equalled by few other chemical elements, attacks such impurities, and shortly reduces them to the not only innocuous, but directly beneficial compounds—ammonia and water. The decomposition is strangely progressive: it proceeds from complex to simpler combinations, until the simplest has been attained, and at this point it ceases altogether. To rain and wind is assigned the task of disposing of the heavier particles, such as soot, and some of the minute molecules of animal matter above alluded to. Ammonia, the product of putrefaction, is also brought down by rain, and placed at the disposal of the vegetable world. Lastly, upon the entire vegetable world itself is devolved the greatest of all nature's sanitary operations—the restitution of the oxygen to the atmosphere by the deoxidation of its carbonic acid.

Such is the impressive lesson before us; and such are some of the illustrations which enforce it. Nature has appeared to us as an instructress teaching by example: it must not be forgotten that she wields the rod as well. Man may despise her instruction; but he pays the penalty in a retributive entailment of disease and suffering.

### THE SCHOOL FOR LIARS.

Love, they say, 'dwindles down with the meal-poke;' but this was not the case with the love of Jacob's master and mistress. They were a young, careless, and, notwithstanding their perplexities, as yet happy pair. They had married without thought, confident that Uncle John would come round as soon as the thing was done, and could not be helped; and even now, although somehow or other their resources were becoming scantier and scantier, and the prospects of the world looking colder and drearier, they neither could nor would believe in the old man's obduracy. How was it possible for them to do so? They were his nephew and niece, and had been brought up in the idea that his large fortune was one day to be divided between them. They had never yet set their hearts upon anything in vain, if it was in Uncle John's power to get at it; and now, was it to be thought that, because they had merely helped themselves to one another without his sanction, he would seriously turn his back upon them?

But Uncle John had good cause to be vexed, though perhaps little cause for irritation. Under his mischievous indulgence they had grown up wild, thoughtless, and extravagant; and his only consolation had been, that it was still in his power to neutralise his error, by providing them each with a proper helpmate. Their marriage, therefore, came upon him like a thunder-clap; and their very unconsciousness of its being possible for them to have sinned beyond his forgiveness, and the evident incredulity with which they listened to his determination to leave them to their fate, made matters, if possible, still worse. But affairs at length became so serious, as to stagger even the young couple, and they determined to grow prudent forthwith, and look warily about them. Since they had no fortune at all—not a shilling—but what belonged to Uncle John, it was necessary to cut down their establishment. They parted, therefore, with the cook; Jemima expanded into the maid-of-all-work; and the man shrunk down into Jacob.

Jacob was a raw country lad of seventeen, who, at the invitation of his cousin Jemima, had manfully left his mother, and come up to London to push his fortune. As for Jemima herself, she had been in the family from infancy in one capacity or another, and although a year or two older than Jacob, she was still young enough to find amusement in the vicissitudes of her lot. The marriage of her young mistress was a great event in Jemima's life; so was her taking upon herself the entire ministerial duties of the household; and so was her introducing into the family a relation and protégé of her own. She was now full of the cares of the world; she talked of her trials, and occasionally sighed deeply. But to do her justice, she worked hard for all that, and indeed was rarely idle for a moment in the day.

Some moments, however, she did lose in gazing proudly at Jacob, when he had squeezed himself into his new livery, and stood before her with his arms sticking out from his sides like a couple of radishes. His face, no longer dirty with tear-channels, was polished as brightly as soap and water could do it; and the expression of alarm with which he had looked round him at every unaccustomed sight and sound, was now to some extent controlled by the feeling of youthful confidence inspired by new clothes.

'What would mother think?' said he, with a bashful look towards the glass.

'She would think it a good thing,' replied Jemima loftily, 'to have somebody to take her son by the hand.'

'But I say, cousin——'

'Don't call me cousin: call me Jemima.'

'Well, Jemima; mother do say this is a desperate wicked place. She says I am not to believe a word that comes out of a human mouth.'

'No more you are,' said Jemima. 'You will hear the truth from nobody but me; and if I hear anything but the truth from your lips, I will send you back to your mother by the fly-wagon that moment. But hark! there is a double knock, and your service begins. Away, and open the door boldly; throw it back to the very wall, and don't sneak out your head, like country servants, as if you were afraid of a bailiff. Remember, master is not at home.'

'Not at home?'

'Not at home—remember that for your life.' When Jacob, after a nervous glance at the glass, had disappeared up the staircase, Jemima remained for some time in an attitude of listening; but at length, anxious to know how her protégé would acquit himself, she ascended a few steps, and heard him, to her unspeakable alarm, let in the forbidden visitor.

'What is this you have done?' cried she, half dragging him down the stair by the arm. 'Did I not tell you master was not at home?'

'All's right!' replied Jacob smiling; 'don't you be uneasy.'

'Oh you little wretch!' cried she, flinging away the arm of the youth, who was at least a foot taller than herself. 'What ever is to be done?' and she wrung her hands in real dismay. This made Jacob chuckle outright.

'I tell you,' said he, 'it's all right. Master was in, after all! I heard him cough in the parlour; and opening the door quietly, saw him peeping through the blinds. But don't take on, Jemima: it was not a lie you told me: bless you, you didn't know it!' Jemima had no time to storm, for they now heard the street-door shut; and presently the parlour bell rang violently.

'Now I shall catch it!' said she. 'Master would not have seen Uncle John this morning for a thousand pounds. Stand out of my way, you country lout!' and she swept past the astonished Jacob like a whirlwind.

Jemima did 'catch it,' and to some purpose; and she was warned that the very next instance of disobedience on the part of her cousin would close this chapter in his metropolitan adventures.

'But after all, dearest,' said the young wife, when she was alone with her husband, 'why were you so anxious to avoid Uncle John this morning, and how is it that he made his visit so short?'

'The why is, that I am a fool; and the how, that he is another. The truth is, I was so elated by his appearing to come round yesterday, and so confident that matters would subside forthwith into their usual channel, that—that—I gave way to temptation.'

'Mercy on us! You did not play?'

'No; worse than that: for if I had played, I might have won. I bought the Piccolini vase.'

'You?—without a shilling! and to involve yourself in a debt, such as Uncle John would never forgive in this world, for a piece of mere trumpery! Oh what insanity!'

'That is all owing to your want of taste: if it had been a set of jewels, you could understand it. But what was I to do? I must have bought it yesterday, or lost it for ever; and you know how long I have hungered and thirsted after it, and how completely it was understood among all our acquaintances that it was to be mine. I felt as if I should not have enjoyed Uncle John's fortune without it!'

'But how is Uncle John a fool as well as you?'

'Because—and I am ashamed to tell it—he believes me to be now incapable of such extravagance; and I am to meet him presently at his solicitor's office, to enter into an arrangement which will end all our troubles.'

'Oh how delightful! And you were terrified to let

Uncle John in, lest he might stumble over that unlucky vase? The catastrophe would have been awkward certainly.'

'Only by being premature. I hate myself for such mean concealment, and am determined to act at least in some degree the part of a man of honour. As soon as all is settled between us, I shall confess this last lapse of virtue; and, to prove the sincerity of my repentance, make him a present of the vase.—But how now, sir? What do you want?' This question was addressed to Jacob, who had been standing within the room for some minutes, turning his staring eyes and open mouth from one interlocutor to the other.

'I only wanted to hear what you were saying, sir,' said he, abashed; 'you spoke so loud.'

'Oh you did, did you? And was that all that brought you up stairs?'

'Oh dear no. But there is a man at the door with a piece of crockery on his head, and Jemima said I was to ask whether he was to bring it in.'

'These wretches will drive me distracted!' cried the husband. 'Standing on the steps, in view of the whole street!' and he rushed out of the room, and opened the door with his own hands—Jacob vanishing in alarm at the same moment down the kitchen stairs.

When the magnificent vase was safely placed upon the parlour table, the difficulties of the thoughtless pair seemed at an end.

'But we must get it out of the way,' said the gentleman, 'at least for this day. The china closet will be the safest place; for there it will be under lock and key. But I shall have barely time to dress, and get to the solicitor's by the appointed time. May I trust to you, my dear? Will you move it with your own hands? For I should faint at the bare idea of a careless servant touching it.'

'Yes, yes; you may trust to me: but do now go, like a dear; for you know you are always too late.'

'But will you move it with your own hands? Do you promise me?'

'I will—I do. Now go;' and, paying the carriage in advance upon her lips, the young husband ran away to dress.

The vase was not too heavy for a lady to carry; and when Jemima in another minute made a hasty entrance into the room, her mistress had actually raised it from the table.

'Goodness gracious! put down that great thing, mem,' said Jemima; 'put it down without thinking twice!'

'What is the matter?' asked the lady hastily, doing as she was bidden.

'The matter is, mem, that the milliner is here at last! Such a gown! such flounces! such thingumbobs! Oh my! But she has not an instant to wait; and unless she can try it on this moment, you will not be able to set eyes on her again for a week.' The mistress had half bounded towards the door, when, stopping suddenly, she turned back a glance of irresolution at the vase.

'I was going to take that vase,' said she, 'to the china closet.'

'You take it, mem?—you! Oh, excuse me—that belongs to my department.'

'So it does,' said the mistress; 'though I promised—' But here a shrill impatient cough from the hall decided the question. 'You will carry it more safely than I,' added she; 'but it must be with your own hands. Promise that, Jemima;' and as Jemima promised, off the lady flew to the milliner.

When the waiting-maid was left alone, she examined the vase with a look of sovereign contempt.

'What fancies some people have!' muttered she. 'How irrational to lay out money on a piece of useless trumpery like this! And I must carry it with my own hands forthwith, as if it was made of gold! Well, a maid-of-all-work, I suppose, has no choice; and I must take this with the other hardships of my lot.—Ah! what are you doing there, you great oaf, appearing

as suddenly and silently as a ghost? What do you want?'

'I only wanted,' said Jacob, 'to see if I could hear what you were saying, you spoke so low.'

'Indeed! And was that all?'

'No. There's a young woman at the area door with caps, and she calls you Miss Jemima—he! he!—and says you must go down to her, please, as quick as ever you can.'

'Jacob,' said Jemima authoritatively; 'remove this vase.'

'This what?'

'This vase—this here thing on the table—to the china closet; and if you break, or chip, or injure it in anyway, my advice to you is, just to take two cords, and hang yourself with one, and send the other to your mother. Do you hear?'

'To be sure I do; but there is no occasion for the cords, for I could carry half-a-dozen crocks like that any day, without letting one of them fall.' When Jemima had gone down to the area, Jacob took the opportunity of examining not only the vase, but the other articles in the room, and more especially the pictures. He in fact, though this was only his first day, felt himself growing well up into a domestic, and flattered himself that his awkwardness was fast polishing away by the friction of experience. At length, however, when he was just about to execute the orders he had received, a double knock called him to the door.

'Have you moved the vase?' cried Jemima from below, just as his hand was upon the latch of the door. Jacob was flurried. He ought to have done it long ago; and would do it the moment this new customer was gone. It would be the same thing in the end. The London people, it appeared, said anything that was most convenient.

'Yes, Jemima,' he replied steadily; and then opened the door to Uncle John.

'Is your master at home?' said Uncle John. Jacob was puzzled; for this time he had received no instructions on the subject.

'I'm a new boy, sir,' said he at length, prudently resolving not to commit himself; 'but if you will step into the parlour, I'll speak to Jemima.'

When Uncle John saw the vase staring him in the face from the table, he seemed thunderstruck; he stared at it in turn for more than a minute, silent and motionless; but soon began to stride rapidly up and down, looking every now and then as if he was about to demolish it with his cane.

'Here, you!' said he suddenly to Jacob, who stood eyeing him and the vase alternately with open mouth; 'put it down behind that screen. There. Now take care you don't tell any human being that I know anything about it. Will you be silent?'

'If they ask me whether you have seen it?'

'Say no! There is a crown for you. Will you say no?'

'I suppose I must,' said Jacob, pocketing the crown, and feeling as if he was the virtuous victim of an inscrutable fatality. When about to descend the kitchen stairs, he saw his mistress steal on tiptoe across the hall.

'Send up Jemima,' said she panted. 'Oh, Jemima,' she continued, in an agitated whisper, as the girl appeared, 'there is Uncle John! Did you do what you promised? Have you removed the vase to the china closet?'

'Surely, mem!' said Jemima, indignant at the doubt. 'I of course did as I said. Do you take me for a—?'

'Oh, you are a dear, good, trustworthy girl! And with your own hands, Jemima?'

'I rather think so, mem! For my part I don't know that there are any other hands in the house than the maid-of-all-work's. But I hope I know my duty, and do it. I trust not to sink till you are provided with somebody stronger. That I do, mem.'

'My life!' cried the husband softly from the other



end of the hall, 'a word with you—come here. I need not ask if you have kept your promise? You have put that detestable vase out of the way?'

'Think it done!' replied the wife gaily.

'And with your own hands? for I would not have any accident happen to it after all. Eh?'

'Can you doubt it?' demanded the wife reproachfully.

'Forgive me, dear love; you are truth itself!' and the blush that rose into the cheek he kissed made him think that even truth is capable of being embellished by beauty. The young couple now ventured into the presence of Uncle John.

There was something so calm and stern in the old man's appearance, that both nephew and niece felt a sudden chill.

'I called,' said he, 'in order to walk with you to my solicitor's; but since my niece is here, I shall take the opportunity of letting her know the position in which we stand. I opposed your marriage on principle, because I saw that, having precisely the same defects of character, you were quite unqualified to go through the world together. Your headstrong folly, however, was partly my own fault, and I determined to make the best of matters as they stood, provided I was well assured that the serious warning you had received had at least cured you of your habits of extravagance. All this, however, I have been obliged to take merely upon your own word; proceeding upon the supposition that falsehood is not one of your vices. Nephew, what do you say?'

'I hope I bear the character of a man of honour!'

'Niece?'

'I would not deceive my dearest uncle for the world.' Uncle John removed the screen from before the vase.

'What is this?' said he. 'Have you any explanation to make? You—I say you, nephew?' But the nephew was gazing at his wife, with expressions of scorn, rage, and pity chasing each other across his face. He whispered something in her ear. It was a smooth, yet vulgar, frightful word of two syllables; and staggering away from him, she appeared about to fall, as if she had received a blow. Jemima, who was at the door, flew in, and caught her mistress in her arms; but the latter reviving at the touch, thrust her away with abhorrence.

'Base, ungrateful, detested——!' said she, and the short smooth word came forth like a pistol-shot. It was instantaneously echoed by Jemima herself, who bestowed it upon Jacob, together with a sound cuff on the side of the head. Jacob, resplendent no more in livery, was now in the garb of a ploughboy, with a stick and his bonnet in one hand, and a small dirty bundle in the other. He had entered the room with his usual want of ceremony, and the salute of Jemima went nigh to make him vanish in the same fashion.

'Oh, I don't mind it,' said he; 'not a bit. I wish you would give me one a-piece, for I deserve them all! Mother will give me worse than that—and what can such a desperate liar expect?'

'Why, what have you been doing, boy?' demanded Uncle John sternly.

'Oh, don't you talk to me!' said Jacob; 'for bad as I am, it's not all my fault. By telling a lie to Jemima, I did the mischief; but if it had not been for you, you wicked old man! it would have come out right in the end. I heard master tell mistress that he repented buying that ugly crock; that he never would do so again; that he would confess all to you; and that he would make you a present of it to-morrow—much good might it do you! Now, if I had told him in time what I ought, does it not stand to reason that he would have made all right before it came to calling names and slapping people's faces? But you, you wicked old man! to put a second lie in my mouth—to bribe a poor boy with a crown to go on from bad to worse; to—you ought to be ashamed of yourself! But I will give you back your money: no I won't; it would only en-

courage you. I will—I will!'—and he mopped his eyes with the end of his bundle.—'I will go home directly, and tell mother!' and Jacob lifted up his voice and wept aloud, groping his way to the door through his tears.

'Stay, boy,' said Uncle John, after a moment's pause; 'you have given us all a lesson, and I trust we shall be the better for it. It seems I am as bad as any of you! Well, I cannot deny it. None of us, I believe, meant any mischief. We persuaded ourselves that we were telling only a harmless lie! There is no such thing. The effect of falsehood depends upon circumstances of which we are ignorant, and which we cannot control. The moment the lie has left our lips, it is beyond our reach, and we have put a missile of destruction into the hands of the demons. Let us forgive one another, and forget the "crock." Get you into your livery again, Jacob; and do you, nephew, give me your arm to the solicitor's.'

#### THE FOREIGN COMMERCE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE comparative advantages of home and foreign trade have been frequently, and, we think, needlessly discussed. Both are in reality one thing—a result of the necessities and demands of society; and one cannot be favoured in preference to the other, without inflicting a general injury. Nevertheless, from the beginning of the world, foreign trade has been looked upon with jealousy by politicians, as if it was something that did not come into the ordinary stream of events at all. It is as natural, however, as the currents of the ocean or the course of the storm. Winds, waters, birds, and men, are alike the ministers of nature in carrying her productions from one country to another, and planting new seeds in every soil adapted for their reception; and that nation which refuses the treasures proffered by commerce, or accepts them under invidious restrictions, is not more wise than if it drew a cordon round its coasts to prevent the material agents of the bounty of Heaven from bestowing a new fruit or flower upon the soil.

Few countries owe so much as Great Britain to the agency of man in this kind of distribution; or, in other words, few possess less indigenous wealth, with the exception of that of the mineral kingdom. The inhabitants lived on roots, berries, flesh, and milk, till agriculture was introduced upon the coasts by colonies from Belgium, and extended subsequently by the fortunate tyranny of the Romans, who exacted a tribute of corn. At this time our fruits were nearly confined to blackberries, raspberries, sloes, crab-apples, wild strawberries, cranberries, and hazel-nuts. In all Europe, according to Humboldt, the vine followed the Greeks, and wheat the Romans. We had hardly any culinary vegetables of our own; and one of the queens of Henry VIII. was obliged to send to Flanders on purpose when she wanted a salad. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that edible roots began to be produced in England. The bean is from Egypt; the cauliflower from Cyprus; the leek from Switzerland; the onion from Spain; spinach and garlic from France; beet from Sicily; lettuce from Turkey; parsley from Sardinia; mustard from Egypt; artichoke from Africa; rhubarb, radish, and endive from China; and the potato from America. Our present fruits, with the exception of the few we have mentioned, are all exotic; and in the animal kingdom, our horses, cattle, sheep, swine, &c. have been so much crossed and re-crossed by foreign breeds, that our ancestors, if permitted to revisit the earth, would hardly recognise the species.

The growth of the foreign trade of England is both a curious and an important subject. Before the Conquest, it was carried on by means of strangers; the English receiving passively silk, Oriental luxuries, books, precious stones, and relics, in return for metals, slaves, trinkets in gold and silver, and silk embroidery. Athelstan had tried in vain to tempt his own subjects into

commerce, by ordaining that a merchant who had made three long sea voyages on his own account, should be admitted to the rank of a gentleman. But in two centuries after this, we find English writers boasting that all the world is clothed with their wool. The wool was manufactured into cloth in Flanders. In 1354, the exports, consisting chiefly of wool, amounted to L.212,338, without including tin and lead; and the imports, of fine cloth, wine, wax, linens, merceries, &c. to L.38,383. The balance, therefore, must have been considerably in our favour. Trade now seems to have been looked upon with some interest, and our princes would needs have the kindness to encourage it; in pursuance of which good intention the parliament, in 1402, ordered all importers to invest the whole proceeds of their cargoes in English merchandise for exportation. At this time the chief revenue of the country was drawn from such sources; but political economy had not yet taught that the best way for governments to encourage trade is to let it alone.

The kings, however, were not satisfied with drawing customs from the industry of their subjects; they took to trade on their own account. The kings of Sweden, Naples, and Scotland, were merchants on a small scale; while King Edward of England was an extensive ship-owner, and, as an old author tells us, 'like a man whose living depended upon his merchandise, exported the finest wool, cloth, tin, and the other commodities of the kingdom, to Italy and Greece, and imported their produce in return, by the agency of factors and supercargoes.' In 1615, an anonymous writer enumerates 454 English ships employed in foreign commerce, besides those trading to India; but he gives us no idea of the amount of tonnage. In 1622, however, the total amount of exports had increased to L.2,320,436, and that of imports to L.2,619,315; and in 1648, we are told by a pamphleteer that 'England alone enjoyed almost the whole manufacture, and the best part of the trade of Europe.' In 1662, the imports were L.4,016,019, and the exports only L.2,022,812, showing a balance against us of nearly L.2,000,000. In 1720, the imports were upwards of L.6,000,000, and the exports nearly L.7,000,000. In 1750, the imports were nearly L.8,000,000, and the exports between L.12,000,000 and L.13,000,000. In 1800, the exports were upwards of L.45,000,000, and the imports upwards of L.24,000,000.

This fortune is the more brilliant, from the calamities our merchants had to endure; who lost, in the American war of independence, L.2,600,000, in ships and cargoes taken by the enemy. But the loss of the enemy themselves, they had the comfort of knowing—including the deprivation of their fisheries—was still greater; which 'puts one in mind,' says Macpherson, 'of the story of the attorney who, when his client complained that he was reduced to his last guinea by his lawsuit, comforted him with the assurance that his adversary was reduced to his last farthing.' In 1780, the commerce of the country received another tremendous blow from the French and Spaniards, in the capture of five East Indian and forty-seven West Indian ships at one fell swoop; and before the end of the century, it is calculated that we had lost in this contest at least three thousand vessels.

In 1820, the exports, including foreign and colonial goods reshipped, were, in round numbers, L.44,000,000, and the exports L.30,000,000; in 1830, the exports L.46,000,000, and the imports L.42,000,000; in 1840, the exports L.65,500,000, and the imports L.60,500,000; and in 1846, the exports L.76,000,000, and the imports L.83,000,000.

The figures of this last paragraph are taken from McCulloch's 'Account of the British Empire;' and the same authority is followed (although without adherence to his plan) in the following view of the actual foreign trade of Great Britain.

From Russia we receive tallow, wheat, flax and hemp, rapeseed and linseed, tar, timber, bristles, ashes, hides, and wax; in payment of which we send her cotton-twist,

and, in smaller quantities, woollen manufacture, salt, coal, hardware, lead and shot, tin, &c.; together with coffee, indigo, spices, and other articles of foreign and colonial produce. This trade employs much shipping, almost wholly the property of English merchants. The total average amount of our own produce and manufactures exported is about L.1,816,000.

Our trade with Sweden and Norway consists of imports of timber, iron, and bark, and exports of cottons and cotton-twist, woollens, earthenware, hardware, and colonial produce. The amount exchanged is about L.250,000 each way.

From Denmark we receive about L.213,000 worth of corn—rapeseed and other articles in smaller quantity; sending her in return coal, salt, iron, earthenware, machinery, and colonial produce.

Our exports to Germany, including Prussia, amount to upwards of L.6,000,000, and consist of cotton-stuffs and twist, woollens, refined sugar, hardware, earthenware, iron and steel, coal, salt, &c. and a very large quantity of colonial produce. The imports are chiefly wool, corn, flax, timber, zinc, &c.

Holland and Belgium supply us with butter, cheese, corn, madder, geneva, flax, hides, &c. to the amount of L.4,500,000; receiving, in return, cotton-stuffs and twist, woollens, hardware, earthenware, salt, coal, &c. and colonial produce.

The average exports to France consist of linens and linen-yarn, brass and copper manufactures, machinery, coal, horses, &c.; and the imports are brandy, wine, silk (raw and manufactured), gloves, madder, eggs, skins, and fruit. The amount is as yet under L.3,000,000, but will doubtless increase, as the insane jealousy of the two governments, which so long distracted the world, is now disappearing—at least from the tariff—like other venerable follies.

From Portugal and Spain we have wine, wool, fruits, olive oil, quicksilver, barilla, cork, &c. to the amount of nearly L.1,500,000; paying for these articles in cottons, woollens, linens, hardware and cutlery, iron and steel, soap and candles, leather, &c. Spain is our largest customer for cinnamon.

Italy furnishes us with thrown silk of the finest quality; olive oil; straw-plait, and straw for hats, which we now mostly manufacture ourselves; wheat (chiefly at second hand from the Black Sea), fruit, wine, barilla, marble, and other articles. We give in return a considerable quantity of cotton-stuffs and twist, woollen manufactures, refined sugar, hardware and cutlery, iron and steel, &c.; besides large supplies of colonial produce. This trade exchanges upwards of L.2,500,000.

Our exports to Turkey, Greece, &c. are of the same kind, but to the amount of little more than L.1,500,000; while we receive from these countries opium, madder, fruits, oil, cotton, drugs, and dye-stuffs, &c.

The amount of the trade to the whole of Africa, including Egypt and our own provinces, is considerably under L.2,000,000. It supplies us with cotton-wool, flax, and some drugs, and other raw produce from Egypt, for which we make the usual returns, with the addition of glass and machinery.

In the markets of the United States our business maintains the same ascendancy as when the country was a colony of our own; only exhibiting an increase proportioned to the waxing greatness of the two nations. Cotton and tobacco are the staple imports, with wheat-flour and wheat, rice, skins and furs, hides, staves, &c.; and the staple exports cotton, linen, and woollen manufactures, with hardware and cutlery, earthenware, salt, brass, copper, apparel, books, &c. The amount exchanged is considerably upwards of L.6,000,000.

Our trade with the whole of the rest of the American continent, with the exception of our own colonies, is not so great by nearly L.1,000,000. We import bullion and precious stones, dye-stuffs, cabinet-woods, cotton-wool, sugar, coffee, cocoa, &c.; and remit chiefly in cottons, linens, and woollens.

Tea and silk are the principal imports from China,



and indigo and sugar from India, together with smaller quantities of cotton, silk, coffee, saltpetre, piece goods, spices, drugs, rice, &c. To the former country we export goods to the amount of little more than £1,000,000; and to the latter about £6,000,000, chiefly in cotton-stuffs and twist.

The colonial trade supplies us with wool, wine, hides, ivory, &c. from the Cape of Good Hope, to the amount of £500,000, paid for in the usual exports; and with palm-oil, ivory, teak, hides, wax, &c. from Western Africa, to about the same amount, paid for in cottons, guns and pistols, hardware, &c. The principal import from Mauritius is sugar. Exports as usual, to the amount of more than £250,000.

Our North American colonies take from us about £2,750,000 worth of woollens, cottons, linens, &c. paying in timber, wheat, furs, fish, ashes, turpentine, &c. The West Indies supply us with sugar, coffee, rum, cotton, pimento, molasses, mahogany, logwood, fustic, cocoa, cochineal, ginger, hides, &c. Here we are tempted to enter upon an investigation of the value of the colonial trade generally, deducting fiscal expenditure; but this we shall leave to a subsequent paper, and in the meanwhile adhere to what properly constitutes British foreign commerce; drawing our statistics from miscellaneous but trustworthy sources.

No view of the commerce of a country can approach to completeness without some distinct idea being given of the customs charged by the government. In England, the origin of these duties is hidden in the dark ages; but at the close of the tenth century, we know that every boat arriving at Billingsgate paid for custom one halfpenny; a large boat with sails, one penny; a keel or hulk, fourpence; a vessel with wood, one piece of wood, &c. At that time vessels from the continent 'showed their goods, and cleared the duties.' The nature of these duties may be collected from the fact, that German merchants paid at Christmas and Easter two gray cloths and one brown one, ten pounds of pepper, five pairs of men's gloves, and two vessels of vinegar.

In 1266, we find a regular export duty on wool, payable, like the above, twice a-year; and in 1282, the total amount of customs is stated at £8411, 19s. 11½d. The king's claim to the duties was not established by statute till the reign of Edward I.; but they seem to have been all along tacitly considered his private property. They were frequently assigned to foreign merchants in payment of a debt of the king; and in Scotland, Alexander I. turned to this account the customs received at Berwick.

In 1303, we find a charter of commerce granting certain facilities to foreign merchants, in return for which they came under covenant to pay certain duties. In this charter the 'earnest penny' is mentioned as a seemingly indispensable part of a wholesale bargain. In 1329, the whole customs of England were farmed by a Florentine company for £20 a-day. In 1354, the customs on exports (consisting almost wholly of wool) amounted to £81,846, 12s. 2d., and those on imports to £586, 6s. 8d. Twenty-eight years after this, the first attempt was made to anticipate the revenue, by granting a handsome discount to those merchants who paid duties in advance. So late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the customs were farmed for £14,000; but that princess increased the sum to £42,000, and afterwards to £50,000. In 1613, they were estimated, including imports and exports, at £148,075; in 1641, at £500,000; in 1657, at £700,000; and in 1709, at £1,353,483. In every tenth year, from 1760 to 1800, the movement is as follows—£2,000,000; £2,500,000; £2,800,000; £3,750,000; and £6,800,000. In 1815, the customs' revenues amounted to £11,360,000; and in 1845, to £21,705,197.

These are the heads of the strangest of all the strange chapters in the world's history. But in reviewing it, we are apt to forget the effect of the industry of this island upon the fortunes of the other nations. If we look back to the twelfth century, when we are told all

the world was clothed with our wool, we find that the whole quantity exported could not have amounted in value to nearly £250,000. In what relative condition must our customers be now, when they buy from us £24,000,000 worth of manufactured wool? In the seventeenth century, again, we hear that England was the greatest trading country, and almost the only manufacturing country, in Europe. At that time we imported £4,000,000, and exported £2,000,000; whereas at present, when we enjoy only a portion (although the largest portion) of trade and manufactures, the mere duties on our imports alone amount to £22,000,000. What, then, must be the relative position of Europe in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries? Commerce, in fact, is twice blessed—to the nation which gives, and to that which receives; and in reflecting on the wonderful destinies of our country, we should never forget her influence on the destinies of mankind.

#### GOVERNMENT EDUCATION.

We have on divers occasions shown the necessity for a national system of education; the subject has indeed been so often spoken of in these pages, that we are almost ashamed to return to it. And yet perhaps the friends of a general system, conducted under the authority, and at the expense, of the state, never required to speak out with greater vigour. What we want may be told in a single sentence. We desire to see a system of national secular education, projected and maintained by the public, for the benefit of the whole people. We detest everything like sectarianism: it is the blight of every national improvement, and is keeping the people in ignorance. In order that government may, with propriety and justice to all, interfere on behalf of the public in this momentous question, it is our opinion that nothing beyond secular instruction on a broad principle should be given in the national schools; and that the religious portion of the instruction which is desirable, should be given separately by the clergy of the different denominations. Such we believe to be the form of educational belief entertained by every one who is governed by motives of impartiality, and really desires to see the people instructed. As for the proposal to educate the bulk of the poor by charitable subscriptions, or the voluntary principle, as it is called, we consider it to be worse than a fallacy.

But we are told that government has not the power to institute so broad a system as we desiderate. Perhaps such is the case, though we are inclined to think that a lack of courage to announce the principle is more conspicuous than a want of ability to carry it into execution. In the meantime, therefore, as nothing else seems possible, the country will make up its mind to see either an endowed system of sectarian instruction, or see nothing. What is doing at present to educate the lower classes, is a perfect farce. Thousands on thousands get no education at all. England continues the laughing-stock of Europe—a country in which great principles are sacrificed, in order to please the fancies of time-servers and demagogues.

That education is desirable on a far more effective scale than that which now exists, is evident from the lately published minutes of the Committee of Council on Education. The two volumes of which these consist are composed from the reports of the various inspectors of schools, and it is from these that we gather information as to what is doing in the great work of educating the people.

The council have received applications during the year for aid from 518 places in England, Wales, and Scotland. Most of these are for the enlargement of school-houses, and the building of residences for the master or mistress, for 'repairs and fittings,' and in some instances for ventilation. Some of the memorials pray for the foundation of 'exhibitions' of £10 and upwards, to stimulate the industry of the older scholars; and we learn by a circular that it is proposed to pay those

selected to qualify themselves as 'pupil teachers,' L10 in the first year, L13 in the second, and L16 in the third. This is, however, in connection only with the London diocesan schools. Notwithstanding the general poverty of the population of Wales, we are informed that urgent demands are made for efficient schoolmasters and schoolmistresses; but as the salary is not more than L25 per annum, 'there is no inducement for young persons possessing the requisite qualifications to offer themselves for the work.' According to the evidence, the only means of preventing the present schools from becoming 'worse than useless,' will be by the establishment of a model school, and a general increase of the salaries paid to the teachers.

The southern district comprehended in the counties of Berks, Bucks, Hants, Herts, Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Wilts, contains three hundred and forty schools, visited by the inspector at an expense of L2, 6s. 4d. for each school. At Upton, we read that the floor of the schools being of asphalt, the children suffer from chilblains in the winter. In others, the master is described as 'overtaxed,' or 'trusting too much to his monitors, instead of working himself,' or 'unnecessarily severe.' But by far the greater number of teachers are described as zealous and painstaking, and the schools generally as greatly improved since the visit of the previous year. Singing appears frequently as part of the course of instruction; and being pronounced 'good' in the majority of cases, shows the great value of this delightful accomplishment in the training of youth. Want of funds and of properly-trained teachers are, however, everywhere urged as the chief impediments in the way of diffusing a better and more comprehensive education among the people at large. 'The necessities of past times,' writes Mr Allan, 'familiarised the people to the notion that a few weeks' attendance at an organised school, where what was called "the National System" might be learned, was sufficient to transmute a decayed tradesman, with some knowledge of writing and accounts, into a national schoolmaster. But, happily, the conviction is daily gaining ground, that for a supply of well-qualified teachers, we must look to our training establishments, where they may remain long enough to have their characters moulded, and to receive that education in other respects which may fit them for their work.'

Another passage of this gentleman's report amply confirms the often-expressed opinion of the high value of music as a moral agent. 'Scarcely any school,' he observes, 'visited in my district, in which music is taught successfully, fails to rise to considerable eminence in other respects. The schools at Longparish and Farton, where great attention is paid to this art, and where it proves a powerful means of attaching the scholars to the church, are excellent specimens of a strong moral influence being exercised thereby. Our forefathers reckoned music among the seven liberal sciences; and I hope that we are making a considerable advance in the right direction, in bringing back into our schools an art which, under proper management, cultivates a certain delicacy of feeling and gentleness greatly needed by the children of the poor, making their tempers plastic, and contributing in various ways to harmony and order.'

In five counties in South Wales, the schoolmasters are described as 'imperfectly acquainted with English, and who have received little mental training of any kind. Some are discarded excisemen; some are broken-down tradesmen or beer-sellers; some have been soldiers or sailors, who, with a little skill in writing and figures, have picked up in their travels a little knowledge of English.' Many of them are habitually addicted to liquor, and frequently appear in public in a state of intoxication. What, however, can be expected, where the first question asked when a schoolmaster's post becomes vacant, is not 'Who is likely to fill the place best?' but 'Whose circumstances most need the emolument?' This low moral character shows itself in other respects.—Of 15 schools visited in Radnorshire, only

3 were found to be provided with the outbuildings necessary for decency. As a portion of the church is, in Radnorshire, the most common place for school-keeping, the evils of such a deficiency appear in their most repulsive form. Where so little regard prevails for decency, it is not surprising there should be a want of morality. While the proportion of illegitimate births throughout England is estimated at 1 in 16, in Radnorshire it is 1 in 7 of the whole.

Mr Cook states, in his report of schools in the eastern district, that 'we not only lose our children at a very early age, without any systematic means, or indeed, for the most part, without any kind of means of keeping up an intercourse with them after leaving school, but that a fearfully large proportion of poor children either do not enter our schools at all, or remain in them so short a time, that any expectation of their receiving real benefit from the instruction therein given must be a mere illusion. It is true that so many schools have been established in which instruction, if not entirely gratuitous, is attainable at a trifling cost, that every parent who desires to secure the advantages of education for his child may find one in most quarters of London within a moderate distance; but it is equally true that thousands are either too indifferent, or too ignorant, or too vicious, or too little able to command their children, ever to avail themselves of the opportunity. One consequence of this want of elementary education, whether we consider it as a want of knowledge or of training, is admitted to be a frightful increase of depravity among pauper children. At the late Middlesex sessions, it was stated by Mr Sergeant Adams that no fewer than 500 children, between seven and twelve years of age, had been summarily convicted by the magistrates, within a comparatively short period, as reputed thieves. All that the magistrates could do, was to send these children to prison for six weeks, or two months; and when the poor creatures came out again, they were compelled to follow their former pursuits, because they were without any other means of obtaining subsistence.' We have on several occasions pointed out the remedies for this state of things in articles on schools in different parts of Scotland. It is to be hoped that by the establishment of Ragged Schools, and the measures contemplated by government, this juvenile substratum of society will be converted into moral and intelligent beings.

The Midland district includes the counties of Chester, Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, Leicester, Warwick, and Northampton. The number of schools visited by the inspector, Mr Moseley, was 247; and the aggregate number of children 13381; of these 1 in 6 can read 'with tolerable ease and correctness,' 1 in 3 read easy narratives, and the remainder read letters and monosyllables. One in 4 were learning to write on paper, 4 in 15 were in the first four rules of arithmetic, 1 in 15 in the compound rules, while not more than 1 in 53 was acquainted with the rule of three, and 1 in 9 with geography. Mr Moseley objects strongly to the delegation of the master's authority to monitors. 'The whole time,' he observes, 'allowed out of the life of a poor child for its school-days is all too short, and it is daily decreasing. Nothing can be expected to be done unless the most powerful of the resources which the schoolmaster has at his command be brought to bear upon every moment of it. If his work be not taken in hand forthwith, not only will he have lost the most favourable season for it—that when the mind is most readily imbued—but the whole opportunity. I claim, therefore, as a privilege of the child, and as a paramount duty of the master, that his own individual culture of the child's mind, his own direct and personal labour upon it, should begin from the moment when the child first enters the school, and never be interrupted until it leaves it.'

We pass over the other reports, to come to those of Mr Gordon on education in the counties of Stirling, Clackmannan, Linlithgow, and Renfrew. Of the 166 schools under the parochial act, 13 are described as

insufficient in size, 12 insufficiently furnished, 6 wanting repair, and 15 imperfectly ventilated. Besides these, there are 103 non-parochial schools, 90 of which come under the above classification of imperfection. Of the school accommodation generally, it is observed, 'that the dimensions of the apartments in length and breadth, but more especially in height, are too often insufficient; and that, both in situation and structure, the means of securing proper ventilation are often wholly neglected. That the parochial schools are for the most part better provided in this respect than the act is understood to have required; and at the same time, that the school-houses which have originated in free gift are somewhat more numerous than those which have been produced at the command of the statute; still leaving, however, more than a third part of the whole number to be provided by the teachers themselves at their own expense.' Of the parochial schoolmasters, 10 receive an income of £50 annually; 14 from £50 to £60; 8 from £60 to £70; 8 from £70 to £90; and 9 from £90 to £120. The population of the four counties is 283,156; and of the number of children frequenting the schools, 10,150 are taught reading, 3270 writing, 1200 grammar, and 1515 geography. 'In seventy of the schools, no instruction has been given or attempted in geography, solely for want of maps. . . . In the better schools, the large maps published by Messrs Johnstone and by Messrs Chambers are common. In some a small hand atlas is employed, which the teacher finds to have its advantages, as the pupils can be taught to point out places upon it without any direction from the sight of names—a mode of the same principle which has produced maps without names at all, or with only their initial letters. In a few instances the pupils have been well exercised in the construction of maps. But it scarcely ever happens that they are taught to trace an outline of countries on the board.' The general bearing of education in the four counties is said to be towards improvement. 'On the one hand, it receives a tendency to advance from ministers and presbyteries, and from many of the heritors and schoolmasters; but this is too often checked by increasing indifference to it among the people, especially those of the mining and manufacturing classes.'

Wherever we look, the same conclusion appears to be inevitable. To be really beneficial, the scope and aim of education must expand in proportion to the increasing wants of the age. It is now conceded on all hands that the only remedy for the evils of ignorance consists in education. Let it, then, be applied to the circumstances of the case in a broad and liberal spirit, and, although not over-sanguine as to immediate effects, we have no doubt whatever as to the ultimate result.

#### FORTUNE'S WANDERINGS IN CHINA.\*

SOME few years ago, it was predicated that the 'Wanderings' now before the public would not only conduce greatly to the advancement of botanical science, but open new views of the Chinese character, and point out new fields for commercial intercourse. This of course heightened the interest with which we took up a volume on a subject so interesting in itself; and the introductory chapter was well calculated to raise expectation to a pitch of excitement.

The author begins by informing us that he is to be no common author; that he is to eschew the errors and absurdities of former writers; and that in his book will be found a picture of the Chinese as they are. This he does in such general and ambiguous terms, as to give one the idea either that his censure included the recent productions of Davis, Gutzlaff, and Medhurst, or that these contributions to our knowledge of China were too

trifling to require mention. The promise of this introduction, however, we are bound to say, is by no means fulfilled. The reader will here look in vain for new views of the Chinese character, or new materials for forming such views; and before closing the book, he will come to the conclusion that a man may be an excellent practical botanist (as Mr Fortune doubtless is), without possessing any extraordinary talent for observation on other subjects. The 'Wanderings,' in fact—always excepting the information they communicate in agriculture, gardening, and botany—are mere illustrations, though sufficiently agreeable illustrations, of what was already familiar to us from other sources; but they can lay no claim whatever to originality, or even to that vividness of description which sometimes compensates for the want of it.

In the discussion that has been carried on respecting the extent to which the soil of China is cultivated, Mr Fortune takes a part against the hypothesis which assumes that little more is left to be done—that any further increase of the population must depend for subsistence upon foreign supplies. This is perhaps one of the most important of all the subjects that relate to the destinies of the further East; for China has, for some time past, taken a part which attracts far less attention than it deserves in the history of these regions. This people, amounting in number to between three and four hundred millions, have long reached the point of starvation at which emigration becomes necessary. In vain were all things made to give way before agriculture. The flocks and herds, which formed the wealth of their ancestors, vanished, and the lands on which they had fed were turned into fields of grain. The profession of the husbandman was reckoned the most honourable, next to that of the literati; and the emperors set the example to their subjects, by holding the plough. But all would not do: and then rice was eagerly sought for in the neighbouring countries, and a large premium offered upon its importation in the shape of exemption from duties. Home production, however, and foreign imports, even in their union, were insufficient; and the masses of the people had recourse to anything and everything that could sustain animal life, however disgusting, however horrible to the appetite in other regions. Nay, the common substances which elsewhere form the food of human beings, were devoured by them in a state of decomposition, till the odour of putridity became a national taste. Thus the Chinese would seem to have arrived at the utmost edge of the circle within which nature confines the movement of population; and the fact is proved by the result. Emigration is not merely discouraged by the government—it is forbidden; but although it is treason to go, it is starvation to stay behind, and every year the excess of population from this vast country bursts in resistless surges over the neighbouring regions. Throughout Siam, Burmah, British Malacca, the Indian Archipelago, flows the ceaseless tide of a race whose fecundity is elsewhere without example in the human kind; and it is no wild speculation to suppose that the new empires of which the English have laid some faint foundations in Australia, will be mainly peopled by Chinese. Already they form one-half of the inhabitants in the great and thriving British settlement of Singapore.

Mr Fortune bestows no attention upon any such facts connected with the position of the people. He supposes, from the natural sterility of the hills, that a certain portion of the country is uncultivated; and this is true, since no cultivation in such places could be of any use. But he adds likewise the vague assertion (for his opportunities of observation in so vast a country were limited), that even in the most fertile mountain districts in Central China the greater part of the soil 'lies in a state of nature, and has never been disturbed by the hand of man.' This would appear to be quite incredible of any part of China, excepting perhaps the range of mountains which separate the provinces on the southern coast from those in the centre, and where, among the other

\* *Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China, including a Visit to the Tea, Silk, and Cotton Countries; with an Account of the Agriculture and Horticulture of the Chinese, New Plants, &c.* By Robert Fortune. With Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1847.



wonderful anomalies presented by the empire, we find a people still unsubdued by the government! The Chinese, taking them generally, are a hard-working race; and the happy insensibility—or rather vitiation—of their olfactory nerves, has rendered them very learned in manures of all kinds. Stubble, fish, burnt earth and weeds, oil-cake, bones, shells, old lime, soot, ashes, and, above all, night-soil, are eagerly collected; and the horrible *manure tanks* of the cities are looked upon by all classes, rich and poor alike, with perfect complacency. Mr Fortune does not mention what is, in reality, a very important element in the fecundity of the fields—the shaving of about a hundred million beards and polls. In short, the state of the manure business alone among this singular people would seem to render it very improbable that they leave any considerable portion of fertile soil in a state of nature.

In general, the personal adventures with which Mr Fortune's narration is varied, are almost precisely similar to those that befell Mr Medhurst, when the pious missionary was traversing the coast, for the purpose of distributing religious books, in spite of the opposition of the authorities, and with or without the consent of the people. In both cases the two gentlemen pursued their several avocations (that of Mr Fortune being the search after new plants) in the face of a sometimes hostile population, and with a coolness which, taken with all the adjuncts of the picture, is not a little amusing. They went where they liked, they traversed towns and villages with equal impunity, they browbeat the mandarins, kept the people in order, and seldom came away without attaining their object. Mr Fortune, however, was on two occasions somewhat roughly handled; although this is not by any means so surprising as the fact of his escaping at all.

The Chinese are not only industrious, but highly teachable. At Chusan 'it was astonishing how quickly they got accustomed to our habits, and were able to supply all our wants. Bread baked in the English mode was soon exposed for sale in the shops, and even ready-made clothes were to be had in any quantity. The tailors flocked from all quarters: a large proportion of the shops near the beach were occupied by them; and they doubtless reaped a rich harvest, although they made and sold every article of dress on the most reasonable terms. Then there were curiosity-shops without number, containing josses or gods carved in bamboo or stone, incense burners, old bronzes, animals of strange forms, which only exist in the brains of the Chinese, and countless specimens of porcelain and pictures. Silk shops, too, were not wanting; and here were to be had beautiful pieces of manufactured silk, much cheaper and better than could be purchased in Canton. The embroidery in these shops was of the most elaborate and beautiful description, which must be seen before it can be appreciated: this the Chinese were making into articles, such as scarfs and aprons, for English ladies.

'The shopkeepers in Tinghae supposed an English name indispensable to the respectability of their shops and the success of their trade; and it was quite amusing to walk up the streets and read the different names which they had adopted under the advice and instruction of the soldiers and sailors to whom they had applied on the subject. There were "Stultz, tailor, from London;" "Buckmaster, tailor to the army and navy;" "Dominie Dobbs, the grocer;" "Squire Sam, porcelain merchant;" and the number of tradesmen "to Her Majesty" was very great, among whom one was "Tailor to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, by appointment," and below the name was a single word, which I could not make out for some few seconds—*Uniforms of all descriptions*. Certificates from their customers were also in great request, and many of these were most laughable performances. The poor Chinese were never quite at their ease about these certificates, as they were so often hoaxed by the donors, and consequently were continually showing them to other customers, and asking

"What thing that paper talkie; can do, eh?" The answer was probably in this strain—"Oh yes, Fokei, this can do; only a little alteration more better." Poor Fokei runs and brings a pen, the little alteration is made, and it is needless to add that the thing is ten times more ridiculous than it was before.

The following is a canal adventure:—"In China, the canal is the traveller's highway, and the boat is his carriage, and hence the absence of good roads and carriages in this country. Such a mode of conveyance is not without its advantages, however little we may think of it in England; for as the tide ebbs and flows through the interior for many miles, the boats proceed with considerable rapidity; the traveller, too, can sleep comfortably in his little cabin, which is, in fact, his house for the time being.

'The canal, after leaving Shanghai, leads in a northerly direction, inclining sometimes a little to the west; branches leading off in all directions over the country. Some very large towns and walled cities were passed on our route, at one of which, named *Cading*, we halted for the night just under the ramparts. I spread out my bed in my little cabin, and went to sleep rather early, intending to start betimes with the tide next morning, and get as far as possible during the ensuing day. But, as my countryman says,

"The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglie,"

and I awoke during the night by the cool air blowing in upon my head through one of the windows of the boat, which I had shut before I went to rest. I jumped up immediately and looked out, and through the darkness I could discern that we were drifting down the canal with the tide, now coming in contact with some other boat, which had been fastened up like ourselves for the night, and now rubbing against the branches of trees which hung over the sides of the canal. I lost no time in awaking my servant and the boatmen, who rubbed their eyes with astonishment, and exclaimed that some robber must have boarded us. This had never struck me before; but when I called for a light, I found that all my clothes, English and Chinese, were gone. Our visitor, whoever he had been, after taking possession of all that the cabin contained, cut the rope by which we were fastened, and shoved us off into the centre of the canal, along which we had drifted a considerable way before I awoke. Fortunately for me, the few dollars I had with me were in my Chinese purse beneath my pillow.'

The winter habits of the people are worth noticing. 'As the winter approached, the weather became extremely cold, and in December and January the ice on the ponds and canals was of considerable thickness. The most attractive shops in the city now were the different clothing establishments, where all articles of wearing apparel were lined with skins of various kinds, many of them of the most costly description. The very poorest Chinese have always a warm jacket or cloak lined with sheep-skin, or padded with cotton, for the winter; and they cannot imagine how the Europeans can exist with the thin clothing they generally go about in. When the weather was cold, I used always to wear a stout warm greatcoat above my other dress, and yet the Chinese were continually feeling the thickness of my clothes, and telling me that surely I must feel cold. Their mode of keeping themselves comfortable in winter differs entirely from ours: they rarely or never think of using fires in their rooms for this purpose, but as the cold increases, they just put on another jacket or two, until they feel that the warmth of their bodies is not carried off faster than it is generated. As the raw, damp cold of morning gives way to the genial rays of noon, the upper coats are one by one thrown off, until evening, when they are again put on. In the spring months the upper garments are cast off by degrees; and when the summer arrives, the Chinese are found clad in thin dresses of cotton, or in the grass-cloth manufactured in the country. In the northern towns the ladies some-

times use a small brass stove, like a little oval basket, having the lid grated, to allow the charcoal to burn and the heat to escape; this they place upon their tables, or on the floor, for the purpose of warming the hands and feet. Nurses also carry these little stoves in their hands under the feet of the children. Such, however, is the thickness and warmth of their dresses, that it is only in the coldest weather they require them. Little children in winter are so covered up, that they look like bundles of clothes, nearly as broad as they are long; and when the padding is removed in warm weather, it is difficult to imagine that you see before you the same individuals.

We must conclude with what Mr Fortune calls 'offerings to the gods.' 'The periodical offerings to the gods are very striking exhibitions to the stranger who looks upon them for the first time. When staying at Shanghai, in November 1844, I witnessed a most curious spectacle in the house where I was residing. It was a family offering to the gods. Early in the morning the principal hall in the house was set in order, a large table was placed in the centre, and shortly afterwards covered with small dishes filled with the various articles commonly used as food by the Chinese. All these were of the very best description that could be procured. After a certain time had elapsed, a number of candles were lighted, and columns of smoke and fragrant odours began to rise from the incense which was burning on the table. All the inmates of the house and their friends were clad in their best attire, and in turn came to *ho-tou*, or bow lowly and repeatedly in front of the table and the altar. The scene, although it was an idolatrous one, seemed to me to have something very impressive about it; and whilst I pitied the delusion of our host and his friends, I could not but admire their devotion. In a short time after this ceremony was completed, a large quantity of tinsel paper, made up in the form and shape of the ingots of Sycee silver common in China, was heaped on the floor in front of the tables; the burning incense was then taken from the table and placed in the midst of it, and the whole consumed together. By and by, when the gods were supposed to have finished their repast, all the articles of food were removed from the tables, cut up, and consumed by people connected with the family.

On another occasion, when at Ning-po, having been out some distance in the country, it was night, and dark before I reached the east gate of the city, near which I was lodged in the house of a Chinese merchant. The city gates were closed, but two or three loud knocks soon brought the warder, who instantly admitted me. I was now in the widest and finest street in the city, which seemed in a blaze of light, and unusually lively for any part of a Chinese town after nightfall. The sounds of music fell upon my ear—the gong, the drum, and the more plaintive and pleasing tones of several wind instruments. I was soon near enough to observe what was going on, and saw, at a glance, that it was a public offering to the gods, but far grander and more striking than I had before witnessed. The table was spread in the open street, and everything was on a large and expensive scale. Instead of small dishes, whole animals were sacrificed on the occasion. A pig was placed on one side of the table, and a sheep on the other; the former scraped clean in the usual way, and the latter skinned. The entrails of both were removed, and on each were placed some flowers, an onion, and a knife. The other parts of the table groaned with all the delicacies in common use amongst the respectable portion of the Chinese—such as fowls, ducks, numerous compound dishes, fruits, vegetables, and rice. Chairs were placed at one end of the table, on which the gods were supposed to sit during the meal, and chop-sticks were regularly laid at the sides of the different dishes. A blaze of light illuminated the whole place, and the smoke of the fragrant incense rose up into the air in wreaths. At intervals, the band struck up their favourite plaintive national airs; and altogether, the whole

scene was one of the strangest and most curious which it has ever been my lot to witness.'

We have a strong notion that these are not offerings to the gods, but to the *ghosts*. The Chinese are very attentive to their defunct friends, sending them liberal supplies of money, furniture, &c. (manufactured of gilt paper), and occasionally giving them grand entertainments similar to the above. There is one feast of the dead, in particular, to which all those destitute ghosts are invited who have no living relatives to take care of them. It occurs once a-year, by lamplight, and presents, as may be supposed, a most extraordinary scene.

Mr Fortune's error, if it be one, is caused by his habit of generalising. The above is a superstition of Buddhism, the least considerable of the three Chinese sects, but the only one which appears to have come in our traveller's way. His remarks on religion, therefore, must be understood to apply only to a small portion of the people. In like manner, his account of the warm clothing, and cheap and comfortable living, of the 'very poorest Chinese,' is so utterly at variance not only with the statements of former writers, but with the context of the recent history of the country, that it must be taken as referring to some special localities. Perhaps it is not irrelevant to such points to mention, that in three years spent among one of the most universally educated nations on the face of the earth—where the whole country is thrown into a periodical tumult, resembling a general election in England, by the public examination of the schools—Mr Fortune never once happened to detect a single Chinese in the act of reading!

#### DAVIE CAMPBELL.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST WAR.

A NUMBER of years ago, there lived in the small village of Duddingston, near Edinburgh, a family named Campbell, consisting of a man and his wife, who were considerably beyond middle life, and their only son, a boy of fourteen years of age. The Campbells had retired on a trifle realised in trade, and their only care now centered in their child, David. Davie, as they called him, was not an ill lad, but he was a little flighty and wilful, as most only sons are, from over-indulgence. In particular, it was somewhat grievous that he manifested a poor taste for learning, and greatly preferred playing with mimic boats on Duddingston Loch to attending the parish school. The truth was, Davie's young imagination had been fired with the ambition of being a sailor, in consequence of listening to tales of sea-life related by old Sandy McTaggart, now a jobbing gardener in the village, but in former days a mariner on board the British fleet.

Of course, like all boys who go crazy about a sea-life, Davie Campbell knew nothing of the hardships of the profession, and only looked to the supposed pleasures of sailing about the ocean, and seeing strange and distant parts of the globe. Accident effected what his parents never would have permitted. In company with old Sandy, he went on a little pleasure voyage on the *Firth of Forth*, and on landing at night at Leith, they were seized by a pressgang, and taken on board a war vessel lying in the roads. In the morning, when the age of Sandy was ascertained, he was dismissed; but Davie, it can scarcely be said against his will, was entered on the ship's books.

What a dreadful blow was this to the Campbells! Their only hope in life vanished. As soon as they came to their senses, they set off to Leith to make inquiries as to the ship, and, if possible, to bring home their son. Their excursion was useless. The ship was gone, and no one could tell whither. What a melancholy evening was that in the once happy cottage! The demon War had carried off its victim. But a long succession of melancholy days followed: three years elapsed, and yet not one word was received from the lost son. Had the unhappy pair possessed a reasonable knowledge of the

world, they might have found means to discover whether Davie was in the land of the living, and in what vessel he was rated. But they were simple in manners, and had little knowledge of business. Oppressed with their feelings of bereavement, they seem to have considered that no other means of discovering their lost son was open to them but that of personal inquiry. Confirmed in this idea, they actually at length set off on a pilgrimage in quest of their boy.

We are writing of an incident which occurred when the process of travelling was considerably different from what it is at present. The notion of the Campbells was, that they would somehow get intelligence of their son in London, and to the metropolis, therefore, they bent their way; taking places in a wagon, which was to perform the journey in little more than a fortnight. The way was long and dreary; but love and hope imparted a ray of cheerfulness to the travellers, and at last, with unabated determination, they arrived in the vast metropolis. Fortunately, the wagoner was an honest man, and before he left them, he saw them comfortably housed in a respectable though humble inn in the city, where they might recover from their fatigue before they commenced their search on the morrow. Scarcely had the itinerant venders of milk, water-cresses, and other necessities and luxuries commenced their daily cries, than the old couple sallied forth, supporting each other's steps; and, by making numerous inquiries, at last found their way down to the river's side. Here, to their inexpressible disappointment, they discovered only a crowd of small schooners, brigs, and cutters, for it was in the neighbourhood of Billingsgate; and even they could discern that such were not the craft they could hope to find their son on board. They were told, however, that larger ships were moored lower down the river; so, after returning to their inn to breakfast, they once more set out in their search.

This time they reached a part of the river below the Tower of London, where the docks are now to be found. Here they saw a number of large ships; but when they asked if any of them were king's ships, some people laughed at them, others thought them silly, and scarcely deigned an answer; nor for a long time could they obtain any information to guide their proceedings. At last a seaman, who was standing on the quay chewing his quid, turned round as they were making inquiries of some other persons, and in good honest Scotch asked them what they wanted, telling them that the chances were that those they spoke to did not comprehend a word they said. The old people, highly delighted at finding a countryman, and one who appeared willing to assist them, were not long in explaining their wishes.

'If your son has gone on board a man-of-war, you will not find him here,' replied the honest sailor. 'You must seek for him at Portsmouth or Plymouth; but to tell you the truth, I don't see that you have much chance of finding him. A hundred to one that you may have to travel half round the world before you fall in with him. However, if you are determined to look after him, go down to one of those ports, and make inquiries on board all the ships there, and perhaps you may find some one who knows him.' So good did this advice appear to Campbell and his wife, that they determined to follow it, and thanking the Scotch sailor for his kindness, they immediately returned to their inn.

On making inquiries, they found that the Portsmouth van, which was to start the next morning, was but that there was one about to set off for Southampton—a town, they were told, on the sea close to Portsmouth; and as their geographical knowledge was not very extensive, they fancied that they were as likely to find their son at the one place as at the other. So eager were they to proceed, that on the same evening they commenced their journey.

In those times coaches occupied the best part of twenty-four hours in performing the journey between

London and Southampton, and light vans, as they were called, upwards of two days; so that the patience of the old couple was tried considerably before they reached the latter town. Eagerly they hurried down to the water's edge to look for a king's ship; but not one was to be seen in the harbour. Mournfully they stood gazing on the lovely expanse of the Southampton water; for they were strangers in a strange land, and there was no one to help them. Those were stirring times: there were few idlers on the quay to answer their questions; so they once more turned their steps to the inn where the van had deposited them. Here they found the driver, who, having a friend just about to start with his wagon for Poole, recommended them to go by it, as he affirmed that they were there more likely to find ships than at any other port.

'But we are wishing to go to a place called Portsmouth or Plymouth, where the big ships come,' said old Campbell.

'And Poole is on the way there,' answered the rascally wagoner, who, provided he got his fare, cared little for the inconvenience to which the old couple might be put. The result, at all events, was, that to Poole they went. Poole is a town in Dorsetshire, on the coast, close to Hampshire, and from it the high cliffs of the Isle of Wight at the entrance of the Solent are clearly seen. A river with low mud banks flows past it, but is not navigable for vessels of any size; so that when the anxious parents hurried down to the quay, they were again doomed to suffer the bitter pangs of disappointment.

Thinking that the nearer they got to the sea, the nearer they should be to him whom they sought, they walked on to the very end of the wharf extending along the side of the river, their eyes wandering over the blue shining waters of the Channel, now rippled over only by a gentle summer breeze from the north. While standing there, they were accosted by a fisherman whose boat was made fast to the quay.

'What are you looking after, master and mistress?' he asked.

'We want to find our son, sir—our only son—who is in some king's ship; but though we have already wandered many a weary mile, we have not yet met with any one who can tell us where he is to be found,' answered the dame.

'Well, it's no easy job you will have to find him among the hundreds of ships in the navy,' said the fisherman. 'But if you want to go on board a king's ship, there's one now just coming out by the Needle Passage, and mayhap you will find your son on board of her. Now, if you will give me ten shillings, I will run you alongside of her with this breeze in no time.'

'And is that truly a king's ship?' exclaimed the old people together, looking towards the spot to which the fisherman pointed. 'Heaven be praised if we should find our son on board of her!'

'There's no doubt about her being a king's ship, and a fine frigate to boot,' answered the fisherman; and in that respect he spoke the truth, though his only object in inducing them to embark was to get their money. Without for a moment considering the expense, and forgetting all their fears of the water, they eagerly took their seats in the boat, which was only just large enough to bear them safely; and the fisherman, loosening his sails, ran down the river, and shaped his course so as to cut off the frigate, which was standing close-hauled along the coast.

The frigate seen by our old friends was the San Fiorenzo, commanded by Sir Harry Burrard Neale, and was now on her way from Portsmouth to Weymouth to receive on board his Majesty King George III., of whom Sir Harry was most deservedly an especial favourite. The king was at that time residing at Weymouth, to enjoy the benefit of sea-air, when he constantly made short excursions on the water on board the San Fiorenzo. As Sir Harry was pacing the quarter-deck, conversing kindly with some of his officers, he observed,

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some time after they had cleared the Needles, a small boat standing out to sea.

'Where can that fellow be running to?' he asked of his first lieutenant. 'Is he not making signals to us? Take your glass and see.'

'Yes, sir; there are two people in her waving to us,' answered the officer after glancing through his telescope.

'It will not delay us long,' observed Sir Harry partly to himself; 'so heave the ship to, Mr —, and we will see what it is they want.'

The main-topsail was accordingly thrown aback, and in two minutes more the boat with the old Campbells was alongside. A midshipman then hailed them, and asked them what they wanted.

Speaking both together, they endeavoured to explain themselves.

'What is it the people in the boat want?' asked Sir Harry.

'They are a man and a woman, and as far as I can make out, sir, they are asking for their son,' replied the midshipman.

'Let them come on board, and we will hear what they have to say,' said the kind-hearted captain; and with some little difficulty old Campbell and his wife were at length got on deck, and conducted aft to Sir Harry.

'For whom are you inquiring, my good people?' asked the captain.

'Our bairn, sir; our bairn!' answered the mother. 'For many a weary day have we been looking for him, and never have our eyes rested on his face since the fatal morning when he was carried off from Leith.'

'What is his name?' inquired Sir Harry.

'David, sir; David Campbell. He was called so after his father,' answered the old dame.

'We have a man of that name on board,' observed the first lieutenant to the captain. 'He is in the watch below.'

'Let him be called on deck,' said Sir Harry; 'and we will see if these good people acknowledge him as their son.'

The name was passed along the deck below, and in a minute a fine active youth was seen springing up the main-hatchway. A mother's eye was not to be deceived. It was her own David. 'It is—it is my ain bairn!' she cried, rushing forward to meet him; and regardless of the bystanders, before the youth had recognised her, to his utter astonishment she clasped him in her arms, and covered his cheek with kisses.

Little more need be said. The Poole fisherman was dismissed, and old Campbell and his wife were allowed to remain with their son till the ship again sailed from Weymouth. Satisfied that their son was well and happy, they returned with contented hearts to their cottage at Duddington, where young David some time after paid them a visit, and employed his time so well, before he again went to sea, in learning to write, that they never again had to remain long in suspense as to his welfare.

Sir Harry Burrard Neale used frequently to narrate the extraordinary circumstance of the old couple, without the slightest clue to guide them, discovering their long-lost son on board his ship. Indeed the incident is so strange, that unless vouched for by some such authority, it could not possibly be believed.

### BÉRANGER.

THE title of 'The Burns of France' has been given to Béranger, and delightfully accepted by him; but, with all due respect for the French poet, we must protest against it as inappropriate. Burns and Béranger are distinctly dissimilar in their works, and also in their penus. The one is a peasant-poet, the other a mechanic-poet; the one belongs to the country, the other to the town; the one appertains to the world and to time, the other to a nation and an epoch. Burns wooed

his Egeria in glens and groves; Béranger in streets and cafés. The pabulum of Burns's youthful genius was ballads and heroic stories; that of Béranger the French classics. Burns was disturbed only by the small polemics of rural society; while Béranger, from his very boyhood, was jostled by the stupendous events of the Revolution, the Empire, and the Restoration. Notwithstanding this difference, however, they both drew their inspiration from nature; they are both 'men of the people;' and they are both regarded with almost idolatrous affection by their countrymen.

Burns appeared at a time when he was required by the human mind. The cycle had gone round, and another great poet came to civilise and refine the spirits of men, by giving new forms and fresh energy to ideas of the beautiful and the true. Béranger was called forth by the requirements of his class and nation. The time had come when the whole social system was to be stirred up from the bottom, in order that the people, for the first time in France, might struggle into their natural and appointed place. But the people had as yet no poetry. There was no music in the national literature which could awaken the echoes of the heart. Hence Béranger was necessary. He was the bard of the republic, whose province in the Revolution was to cast down 'the lofty rhyme,' and open Parnassus to the vulgar.

Béranger has always been found difficult to translate; and as years flow on, the difficulty will increase. To understand him, we must understand the epoch, the manners, the men; and when these become matters of history, their poet, too, will belong to the past. This, however, is a great destiny. It is only a master-mind which can identify itself with the age it belongs to, and enshrine itself for ever in its annals. But let us not be understood to say that there are none of the songs of Béranger which will live, and which deserve to live, independently of their epoch. There are many in this category, although they do not amount to any considerable proportion of his works; and it should be recollected that their eventual influence upon French literature will be still more important than the personal achievements of the individual.

We have pleasure in noticing a new translation of the songs of Béranger by Mr Anderson of Glasgow,\* who has happily approached the spirit of the original, and, as respects previous versions, effected some improvements in point of taste. The only specimen we can afford room for gives a good idea of the style and spirit of the poet; but we copy it likewise for another object.

#### THE OLD VAGRANT.

Well, in this ditch I reach at last,  
Old, weak, and tired, my closing day;  
Folks say I've drunk, then hurly past;  
Good! there's no pity thrown away.  
Yet some across their shoulders glance;  
Others a mite or two have thrown:  
Nay, hasten on, you'll miss the dance;  
Old vagrant, I can die alone!

Yes; here, of age, they'll say I'll die;  
For hunger never kills of course.  
How often for the workhouse I  
Have sighed as for a last resource!  
But filled each hospital I found,  
So poor the people now are grown.  
Ne'er nurse had I but the cold ground;  
Old vagrant, there I'll die alone!

In youth, the artisans I prayed  
For leave a useful craft to learn.  
'We are but half employed,' they said;  
'With us thy bread thou canst not earn.'  
Ye rich, who still 'Go, work,' repeat,  
Scraps from your board you gave, I own;  
Stretch'd on your straw my sleep was sweet;  
I curse not, but I die alone.

\* Lyrical Poems by Pierre-Jean de Béranger; Selected and Translated by William Anderson. With a Biographical Notice by the Translator, revised by the Poet. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1847.

I might have stolen, poor soul, 'tis true;  
But no! I'll beg, and trust in God.  
At most, the fruit I plucked, that grew  
Over the hedges on my road.  
Yet twenty times, by statute-book,  
They barred me in their prisons lone;  
I owned but sunlight—*that* they took.  
Poor vagrant, I can die alone!

Oh, can the poor a country have?  
What are to me your corn and wine;  
Your industry; your armies brave;  
Your parliaments, where statesmen shine!  
When in your fields, seized by his power,  
The stranger reaped what you had sown,  
Like a true fool my eyes did shower.  
Old vagrant, I shall die alone!

Why, as mere noxious reptiles viewed,  
Men, do you crush us 'neath your heel?  
Instruct our minds in what is good;  
We'll labour for the public weal.  
Saved from the storm 'neath leafy screen,  
The worm, in time, an ant has grown;  
I, too, your brother might have been;  
Your enemy, I die alone!

If the above touching stanzas wanted the last one, they would resemble too closely the complaints of English philanthropists touching the oppression of classes: but Béranger goes more deeply into the real wrongs of the vagrant, and the real neglect of his 'superiors.' The unfortunate is a burden to himself, and a disgrace to his country, not because he has been left by the rich in a state of poverty, but in a state of ignorance. Ignorance is the mother of idleness, whose progeny is want and vice.

#### SEARCH FOR WIVES.

Where do men usually discover the women who afterwards become their wives? is a question we have occasionally heard discussed; and the result invariably come to is worth mentioning to our young-lady readers. Chance has much to do in the affair; but then there are important governing circumstances. It is certain that few men make a selection from ball-rooms, or any other places of public gaiety; and nearly as few are influenced by what may be called showing off in streets, or by any allurements of dress. Our conviction is, that ninety-nine hundredths of all the finery with which women decorate, or load their persons, go for nothing, as far as husband-catching is concerned. Where and how, then, do men find their wives? In the quiet homes of their parents or guardians—at the fireside, where the domestic graces and feelings are alone demonstrated. These are the charms which most surely attract the high as well as the humble. Against these, all the finery and airs in the world sink into insignificance. We shall illustrate this by an anecdote, which, though not new, will not be the worse for being again told. In the year 1773, Peter Burrell, Esq. of Beckenham, in Kent, whose health was rapidly declining, was advised by his physicians to go to Spa for the recovery of his health. His daughters feared that those who had only motives entirely mercenary would not pay him that attention which he might expect from those who, from duty and affection united, would feel the greatest pleasure in ministering to his ease and comfort: they therefore resolved to accompany him. They proved that it was not a spirit of dissipation and gaiety that led them to Spa, for they were not to be seen in any of the gay and fashionable circles: they were never out of their father's company, and never stirred from home except to attend him, either to take the air, or drink the waters: in a word, they lived a most reclusive life in the midst of a town then the resort of the most illustrious and fashionable personages of Europe. This exemplary attention to their father procured these three amiable sisters the admiration of all the English at Spa, and was the cause of their elevation to that rank in life to which their merits gave them so just a title. They all were married to noblemen—one to the Earl of Beverley, another to the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards to the Marquis of Exeter, and a third to the Duke of Northumberland. And it is justice to them to say that they reflected honour on their rank, rather than derived any from it.

#### THE OLD CHURCH.

I stood within those ancient walls: time's ruthless sway I felt—  
The curtained niche was still unchanged wherein my childhood  
kneelt;  
Where girlhood's thoughts of vanity roamed from the sacred  
shrine—  
Oh memories how full and deep through this changed heart of  
mine!

Before that solemn altar my young sister knelt a bride;  
I viewed the gallant company with childish glee and pride:  
With wreaths of fairy roses, and tears so strangely springing,  
I sported down the sombre aisles while marriage peals were  
ringing.

And again at that old altar, in the spring-time of my youth,  
Robed in the mystic veil, I heard confirmed my vows of truth:  
'Mid bands of young companions, and hand in hand with one,  
Whose sweetness even then was doomed—whose death-call forth  
had gone.

Within those sacred walls I knelt a newly-wedded wife,  
With girlhood's smiles yet lingering, and hope still charming life:  
The old familiar faces! that looked good-by with pain,  
May never gaze on my changed brow, nor I on theirs again!

And now within this noble pile, once, once again I kneel—  
Father! 'tis thou alone canst know the pangs thy creatures feel:  
Fond memories are clinging fast, dark shadows claim their sway;  
Long years have passed—one vivid dream—since childhood's care-  
less day!

All is unchanged within these walls, all as in days of yore;  
And so 'twill be in future years, when I shall be no more:  
And plants as mournful as my own, from living lips that come,  
Will sound, old church, along thy aisles, like voices from the tomb!

C. A. M. W.

#### WHOLESALE INFANTICIDE IN MANCHESTER.

Here, in the most advanced nation of Europe—in one of the largest towns of England—in the midst of a population unmatched for its energy, industry, manufacturing skill—in Manchester, the centre of a victorious agitation for commercial freedom—aspiring to literary culture—where Percival wrote, and Dalton lived—thirteen thousand three hundred and sixty-two children perish in seven years over and above the mortality natural to mankind! These little children, brought up in unclean dwellings and impure streets, were left alone long days by their mothers to breathe subtle, sickly vapours—soothed by opium, a more cursed distillation than hellebore—and when assailed by mortal diseases, their stomachs torn, their bodies convulsed, their brains bewildered, left to die without medical aid, which, like hope, should 'come to all'—the skilled medical man never being called in at all, or only summoned to witness the death, and sanction the funeral.—*Report of the Registrar-General for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1846.*

#### WHAT A MERCHANT SHOULD BE.

A merchant should be an honourable man. Although a man cannot be an honourable man without being an honest man, yet a man may be strictly honest without being honourable. Honesty refers to pecuniary affairs; honour refers to the principles and feelings. You may pay your debts punctually, you may defraud no man, and yet you may act dishonourably. You act dishonourably when you give your correspondents a worse opinion of your rivals in trade than you know they deserve. You act dishonourably when you sell your commodities at less than their real value, in order to get away your neighbours' customers. You act dishonourably when you purchase at higher than the market price, in order that you may raise the market upon another buyer. You act dishonourably when you draw accommodation bills, and pass them to your banker for discount, as if they arose out of real transactions. You act dishonourably in every case wherein your external conduct is at variance with your real opinions. You act dishonourably if, when carrying on a prosperous trade, you do not allow your servants and assistants, through whose exertions you obtain your success, to participate in your prosperity. You act dishonourably if, after you have become rich, you are unmindful of the favours you received when poor. In all these cases there may be no intentional fraud. It may not be dishonest, but it is dishonourable conduct.—*Gilbart—Lectures on Ancient Commerce.*

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